From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, farewel, Eliza dear!
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that heaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

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From thee Eliza I must go.

Air Donald.

Larghetto

From thee E_li_za, I must go, And from my na_tive

shore; The cru_el fates be_tween us throw A boundless o_ceans

roar: But bound_less o_ceans, roar_ing wide, Be_

_tween my love and me, They ne_ver, ne_ver

can di_vide My heart and soul from thee.

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